

ADULTS ONLY • This Comic Is Not To Be Sold To Anyone Under 18 Years Old! • ADULTS ONLY

BOOK TWO: BIANCA'S REVENGE!

Vampire's Kiss

ADULT HORROR by BARRY BLAIR



VAMPYRE'S KISS

CREATOR • WRITER • ILLUSTRATOR
BARRY BLAIR

PUBLISHER • Dave Olbrich
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF • Chris Ulm
CREATIVE DIRECTOR • Tom Mason

VAMPYRE'S KISS Book II: Bianca's Revenge #3 (of 4) • (Adults Only) February 1991

This comic is intended for an adult audience and should not be sold to or read by anyone under the age of 18.

All characters engaged in sexual activity in this publication are 18 years of age or older.

Vampyre's Kiss is published monthly by Aircel Comics, a division of Malibu Graphics, Inc. 1355 Lawrence Drive #212, Newbury Park, CA 91320. 805/499-3015. \$2.50 • \$3.00 in Canada. *Vampyre's Kiss Book II: Bianca's Revenge #3* is © 1991 Barry Blair and Aircel Comics. *Vampyre's Kiss* is a trademark of Barry Blair and Aircel Comics. No similarities with any living or dead persons or real institutions is intended. Any similarities are purely coincidental. No portion of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of Barry Blair and Aircel Comics. All other contents © 1991 Malibu Graphics, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. Address all letters of comment to

Vampyre's Kiss, PO Box 812, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156.

Scott Rosenberg/President, Chris Ulm/Vice-President, Dave Olbrich/Treasurer, Tom Mason/Secretary, Christine Hsu/Controller.

Scanned by Posted4You - February 7, 2003



PAIN. DULL, THROBBING...

BEHIND THE EYES

LIKE SMOLDERING COALS
BURROWING INTO THE BRAIN.

FAMILIAR PAIN.

CONSTANT PAIN.



ALSO BLACKNESS. THE DISMAL DREGS OF DEFEAT...OF REMORSE.

OF FAILURE.



AND THE ALL-CONSUMING FEAR THAT HER DREAMS WILL SOON COME.





YOU MUST
KNOW I ALWAYS
WIN. I OWN
TIME. IT'S
ALWAYS ON
MY SIDE.

WHAT DID
THAT IDIOT
SAY?



YOU CAN
RUN BUT
YOU CAN'T
HIDE.

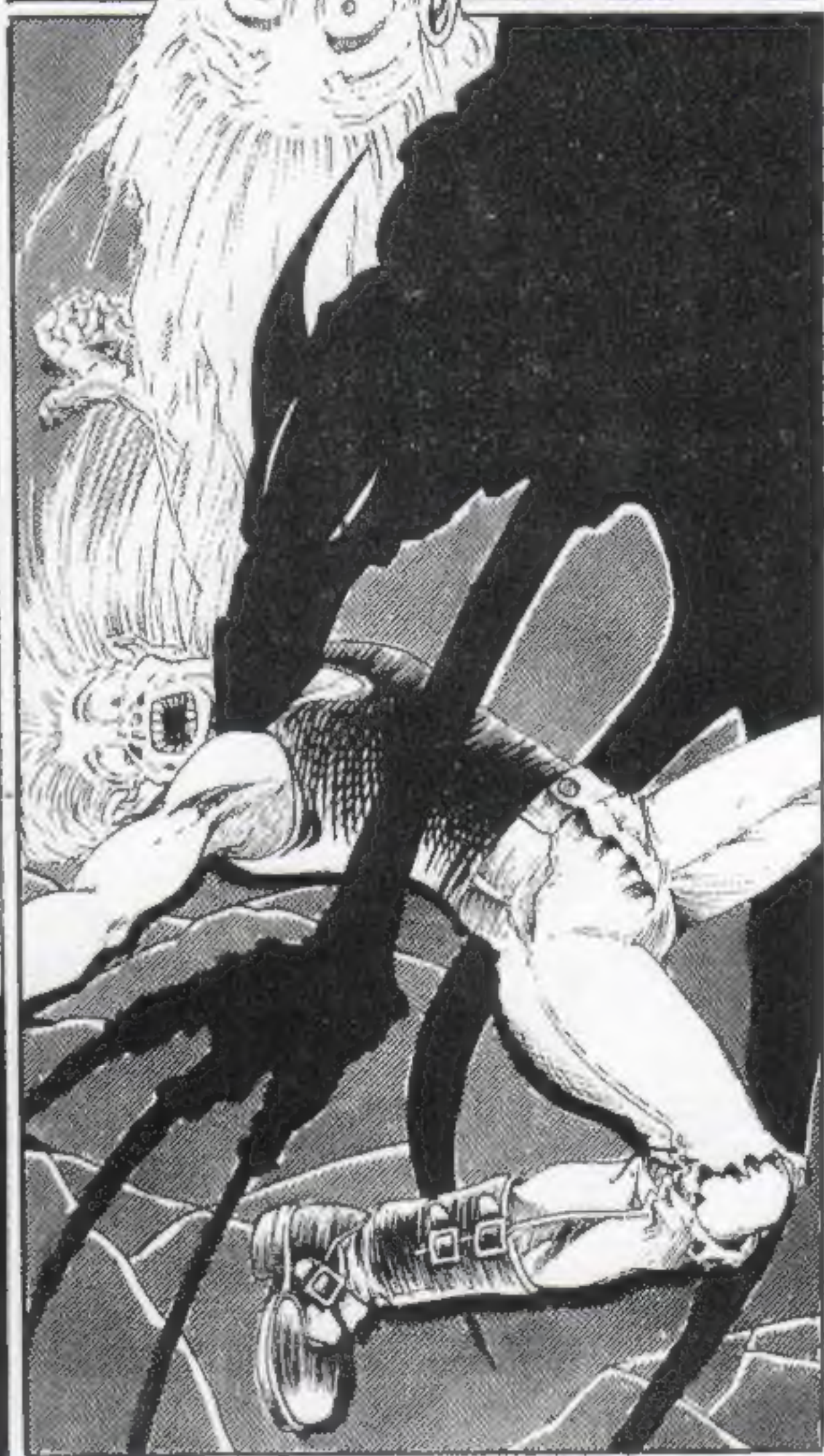


BUT DON'T
RETREAT
TOO FAR
INTO YOUR
MIND, LOVE.
I WANT YOU
BACK.





I DO WISH
YOU WOULDN'T
MAKE ME DO
THIS.



THE AIR IN THE SMALL ROOM IS COOL, YET BJORN'S SKIN GLISTENS WITH A SHEEN OF SWEAT THAT MATCHES THE DAMP RIVULETS ON THE STONE WALLS.

HIS HOLLOW EYES ARE CLOSED, YET HE KNOWS HE'S NOT ALONE. HE CAN FEEL HER PRESENCE

LIKE A PART OF HIM NOW.

A BAD TASTE.

HER AURA IS THAT OF A NEGATIVE BEING. A HOLE IN SPACE.

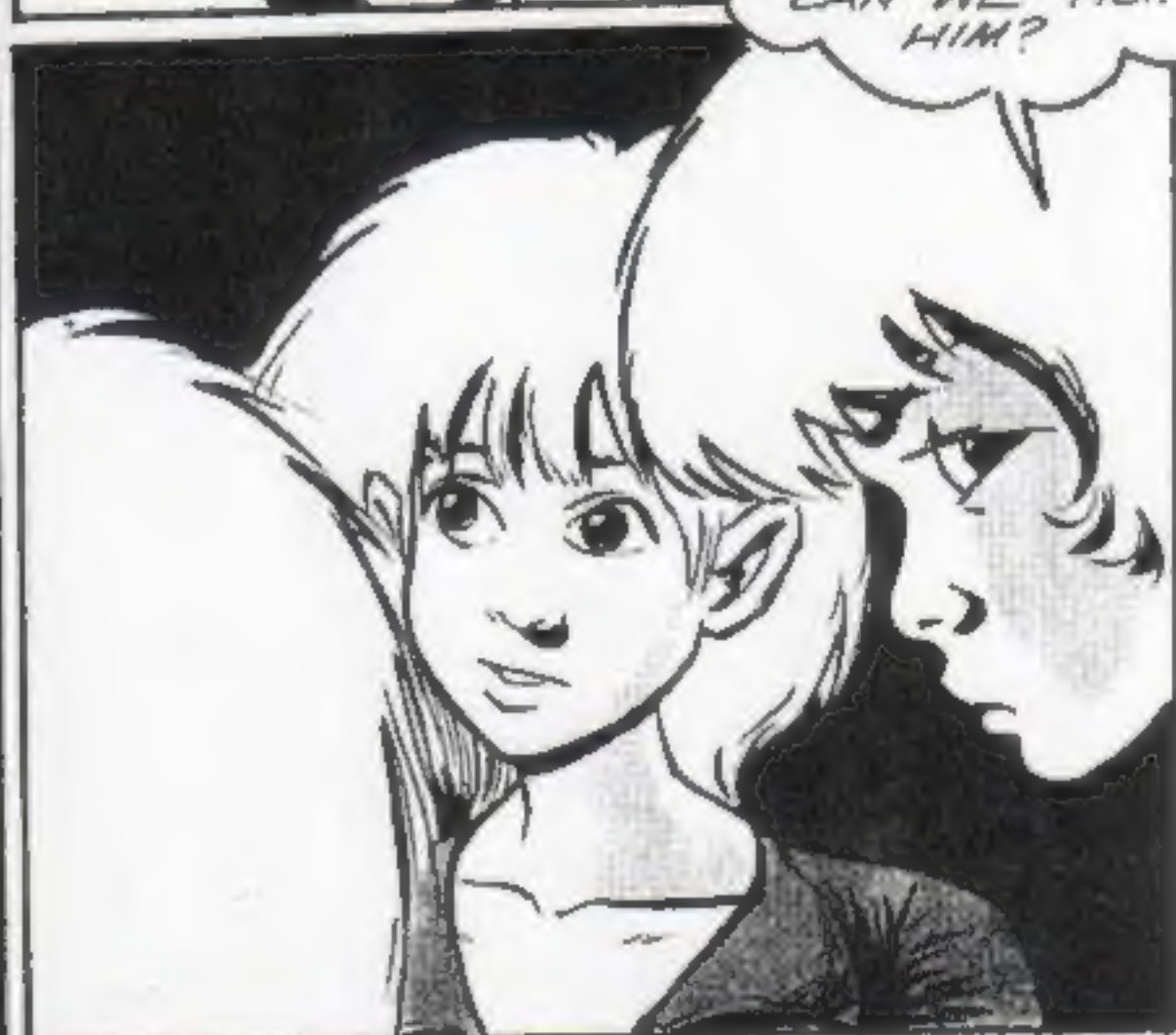
A DARKER BLOT INSIDE A SHADOW, YET IT'S THERE...

VERY REAL

AND DEADLY



HE'S AWAKE, BIANCA. HE'S JUST FAKING.



CAN WE HURT HIM? PLEASE CAN WE HURT HIM?



NO!



HE'S MY TOY.
I CAN BREAK
HIM IF I WANT.



THE CHILL THAT
SLITHERS UP
BJORN'S BACK,
AS THE VAMPIRE
STEPS INTO
THE LIGHT,
IS A VISIBLE THING.

IT MAKES HER SMILE.



YOU ARE NOT
UNATTRACTIVE
TO ME, HUMAN.

HER TOUCH,
SO COLD.
HER SKIN,

SO WHITE...
FROZEN IVORY
BURNING BRIGHT
AS SPARKLING ICE.



I'VE SEEN
THINGS FEW
BEINGS HAVE
DREAMED OF.
I'VE WATCHED
MAN TAKE ITS
FIRST FEEBLE
STEPS TO THE
STARS. I'LL BE
THERE WHEN
CIVILIZATION DIES.

I MAY
EVEN HELP
IT ALONG
THE WAY.

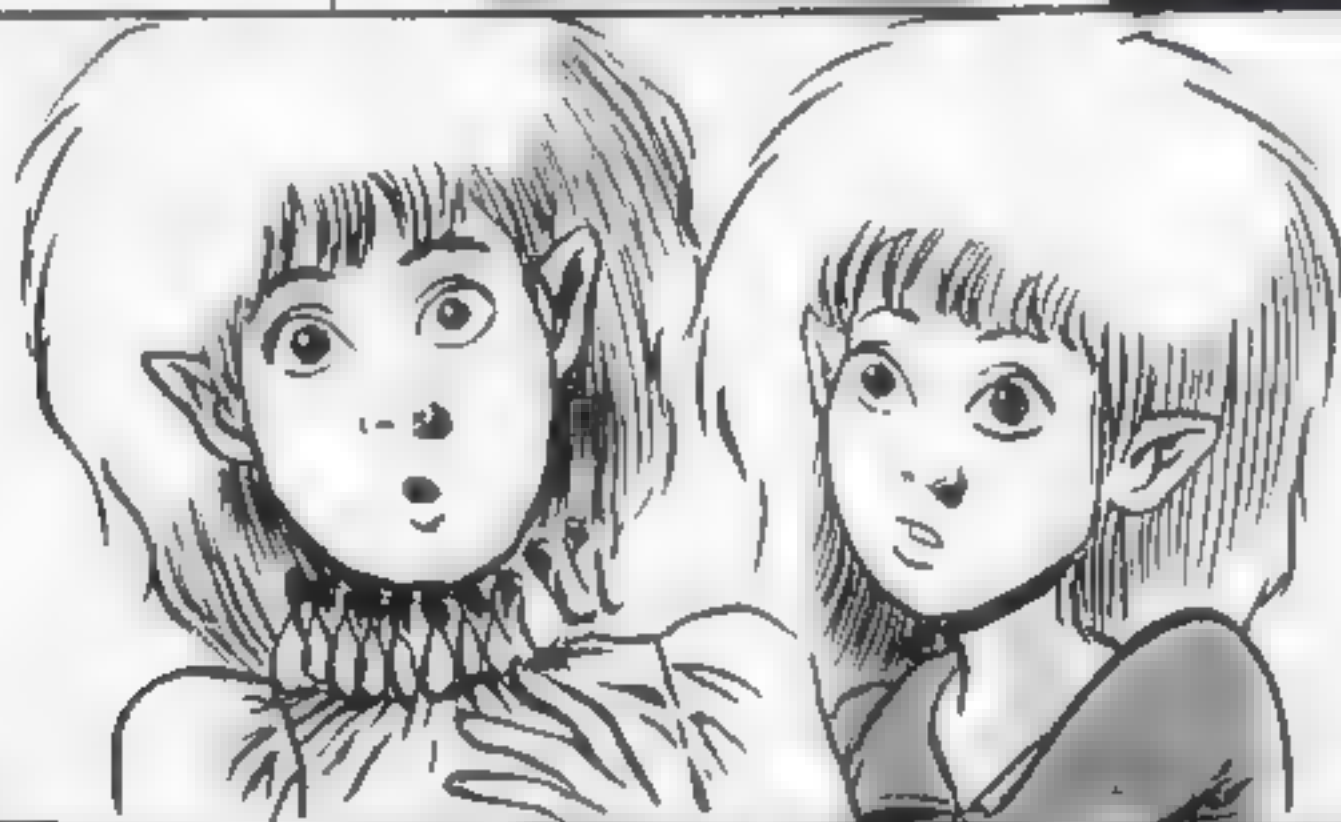


I'D LIKE
YOU THERE
WITH ME...

HER EYES SPEAK
VOLUMES OF FLUID BLACKNESS,
DRAWING ONE INTO
A DARK CORNER
OF TRUST...
OF LONGING...
A DEEP NEEDING

DARLING!

THAT CAN NEVER
BE OVERCOME...

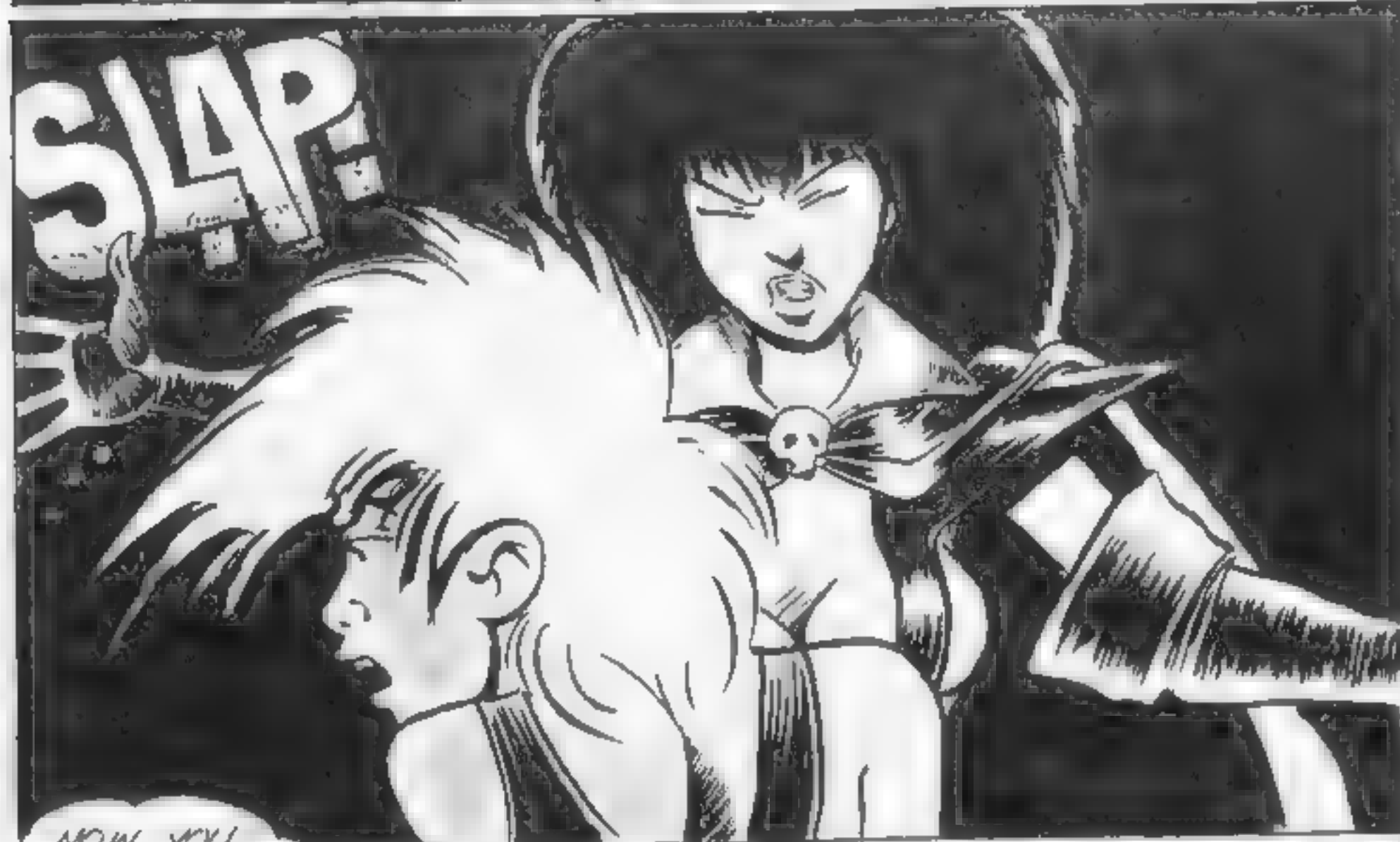


I LOVE
YOU, BTORN





LOVE? HA!!
DON'T MAKE ME
LAUGH YOU DON'T
KNOW THE MEANING
OF THE WORD.
YOU'RE DEAD, BITCH
JUST TOO STUPID
TO KNOW



NOW YOU
CAN FLIRT.
HIM



OUTSIDE THE SMALL ROOM THE VAMPIRE STANDS
HER EYES CLOSED,
CALMING HERSELF,

SOOTHING HER TEMPER
THAT WOULD TEAR
THE HUMAN'S HEAD OFF!
HE HURT HER!
SHE'D THOUGHT
ALL THAT BEHIND HER.
FOR HALF
A CENTURY
THE ONLY
EMOTIONS
SHE'D KNOWN
WERE HATE
AND LUST...
THE NEED

FOR BLOOD

YET NOW
THIS HUMAN
HAD AWAKENED
SOMETHING
VERY OLD.

A FEELING SO
SUBMERGED
IT HAD BEEN
FORGOTTEN.

LOVE

AND HE HAD
DASHED THAT
SO-TENDER
MOMENT
TO BITS
WITH BUT A
FEW STINGING
WORDS...

AND LEFT
HER THUS



SO MANY HOPES.
SO MANY DREAMS...

CAN A VAMPIRE DREAM...?
SHE HAD KNOWN
SO MANY MEN,
YET NONE LIKE BJORN
HE WAS ONE GEM
ON AN ENDLESS
BEACH OF STONES...

BIANCA?

AND HE HATES HER.

THE BOYS
ARE KEEPING
THE HUMAN
COMPANY I'VE
WORKED UP
AN APPETITE



S.A.W.A



OH, ELVIS!



STEVEN COSGROVE
HAD HAD A BAD DAY.
IT STARTED OUT WITH

HIM LOSING HIS TICKETS
TO THE MENUDO CONCERT
AND FINDING OUT HE'D
HAVE TO PAY SCALPERS.
THEN HE WAS LATE FOR
WORK AT HIS COUSIN'S
ANTIQUE STORE FOR
THE SEVENTH TIME
THIS WEEK,
AND WAS PROMPTLY
FIRED.

HE WENT HOME TO FIND
HIS PHONE
DISCONNECTED,
DUE TO NON-PAYMENT
OF BILLS.

HIS LANDLADY HAD
ASKED FOR THE RENT
AND TOLD HIM SOME
POLICE HAD BEEN BY
ABOUT A LOT OF UNPAID
PARKING TICKETS.

WHEN STEVEN FINALLY
USED THE PAY PHONE
AT THE CORNER TO
CALL HIS PARENTS,
HIS FATHER HAD
INSTRUCTED HIM
TO STOP BEING A
TOTAL MORON
AND COME HOME!



STEVEN FELT
LIKE DOG DOO.

HE LEANS AGAINST THE COOL
BRICK OF THE BUILDING AND
CLOSES HIS EYES, LISTENING TO
THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY
AROUND HIM. IT SOMETIMES
COMFORTS HIM LIKE A
GIANT WOMB.



STEVEN NEVER NOTICES
THE INKY BLACK FORM
THAT FLOATS SOUNDLESSLY
DOWN FROM THE ROOF TOP.





STEVEN GAZES
DEEPLY INTO THE
LIQUID DEPTHS OF
THE ENDLESS EYES
AND FEELS HIMSELF
SWEEPED AWAY.
WAY DOWN,

DEEP INSIDE HIM,
A FEELING STARTS.
SOMETHING AS
OLD AS TIME...
A PRIMORDIAL
FEELING THAT,
ONCE AROUSED,

CAN KNOW
NO BOUNDS.



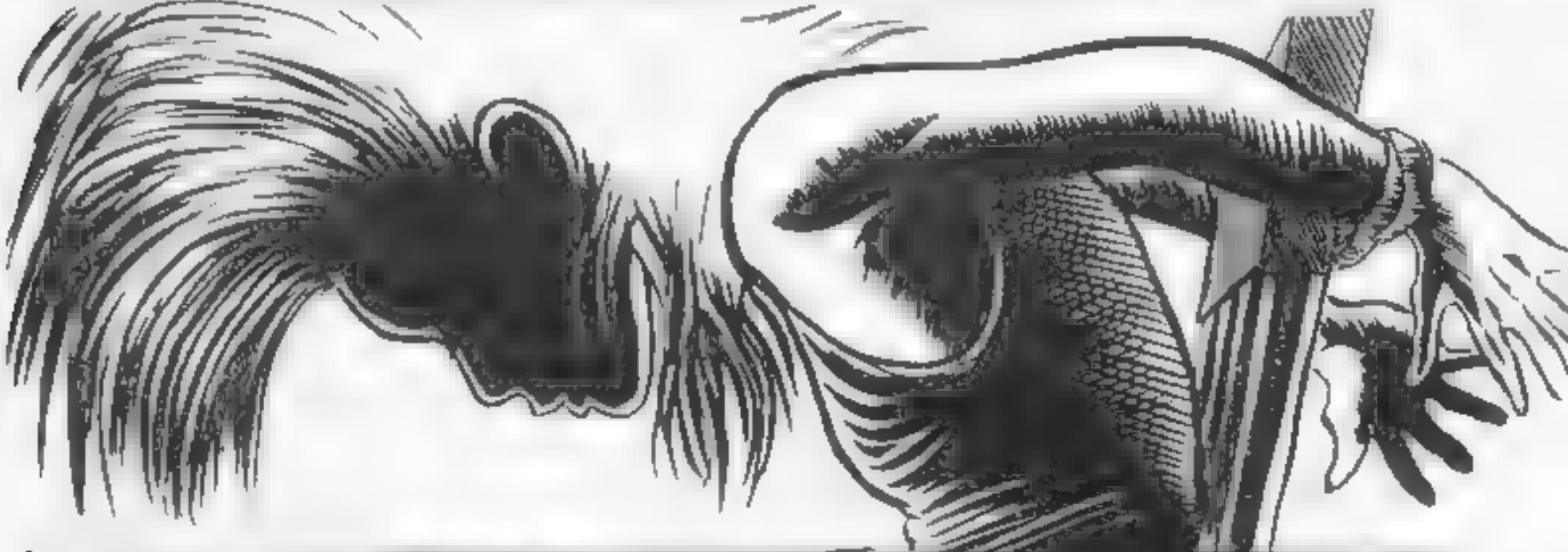
STEVEN SENSES
THROUGH THE
CLOUD OF
PASSION

THAT THE DAY
HAS TAKEN ON
A DIFFERENT
COURSE...

THE PAIN IS DIFFERENT IT'S ON THE OUTSIDE NOW. THE BURNING, STINGING OF OPEN WOUNDS AND CHIPPED BONES, THE TIGHTNESS OF SWOLLEN FLESH. THE TWO HARLEQUINS HAVE DONE QUITE A JOB



BJORN SLUMPS IN THE CHAIR THAT HAS BECOME HIS WORLD ..ALL HE'S EVER KNOWN THE WETNESS OF SWEAT AND BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE, POOLING, DRIPPING.



THE OOZING LIGHT BEFORE HIM SOLIDIFIES INTO A FACE...

AND A VOICE.

HUMAN.
XXI ALIVE ?



AHM RIGHT GLAD
THEM KIDS DIDN'T
KILL YA, PAL
AHM SLIRE BIANCA
WILL WANNA DO
THAT HERSELF
HA HA!



THE VAMPIRE'S
BREATH SMELLS OF
OLD BLOOD,



BUT BJORN HAS
SOMETHING ELSE
ON HIS MIND...

WHEN THEY BEAT
HIM, THE FORCE
OF THE BLOWS



ALSO WEAKENED
THE CHAIR
CONSIDERABLY!



THIS WAS NOW A MUCH BETTER DAY FOR STEVEN!
HIS WHOLE BODY
SEEMED ON FIRE!
THIS WOMAN WAS
SOME HOW
AWAKENING
POWER HE
NEVER KNEW
HE HAD.

WITH EACH
PASSING PULSE
BEAT, THE
INTENSITY GREW,
THE ENERGY GREW.



STEVEN COULD FEEL
THE RAW POWER
INSIDE HIM,
LIKE AN ALIEN THING,
ALIVE AND WANTING
OUT! NEEDING TO
FLOW INSIDE

THIS WOMAN,
TO BE TAKEN
FROM HIM
FOREVER!



IN A FLASH STEVEN KNEW SHE WANTED IT ALL! HIS ENTIRE SELF. AND HE WANTED
TO GIVE IT TO HER MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF!!





SOMETHING
WAS WRONG!
SHE WANTED IT
TOO FAST!
BUT WHY?!

WHY, WHEN
EVERYTHING
ELSE WAS
GOING SO WELL?!

WHY MUST HIS DEATH BE
SO MUCH LIKE HIS LIFE...?





SHE'LL BE COMING SOON
AND IF SHE FINDS HIM THERE,
BJORN KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.
THE THOUGHT NEARLY DRIVES
HIM MAD WITH FEAR,

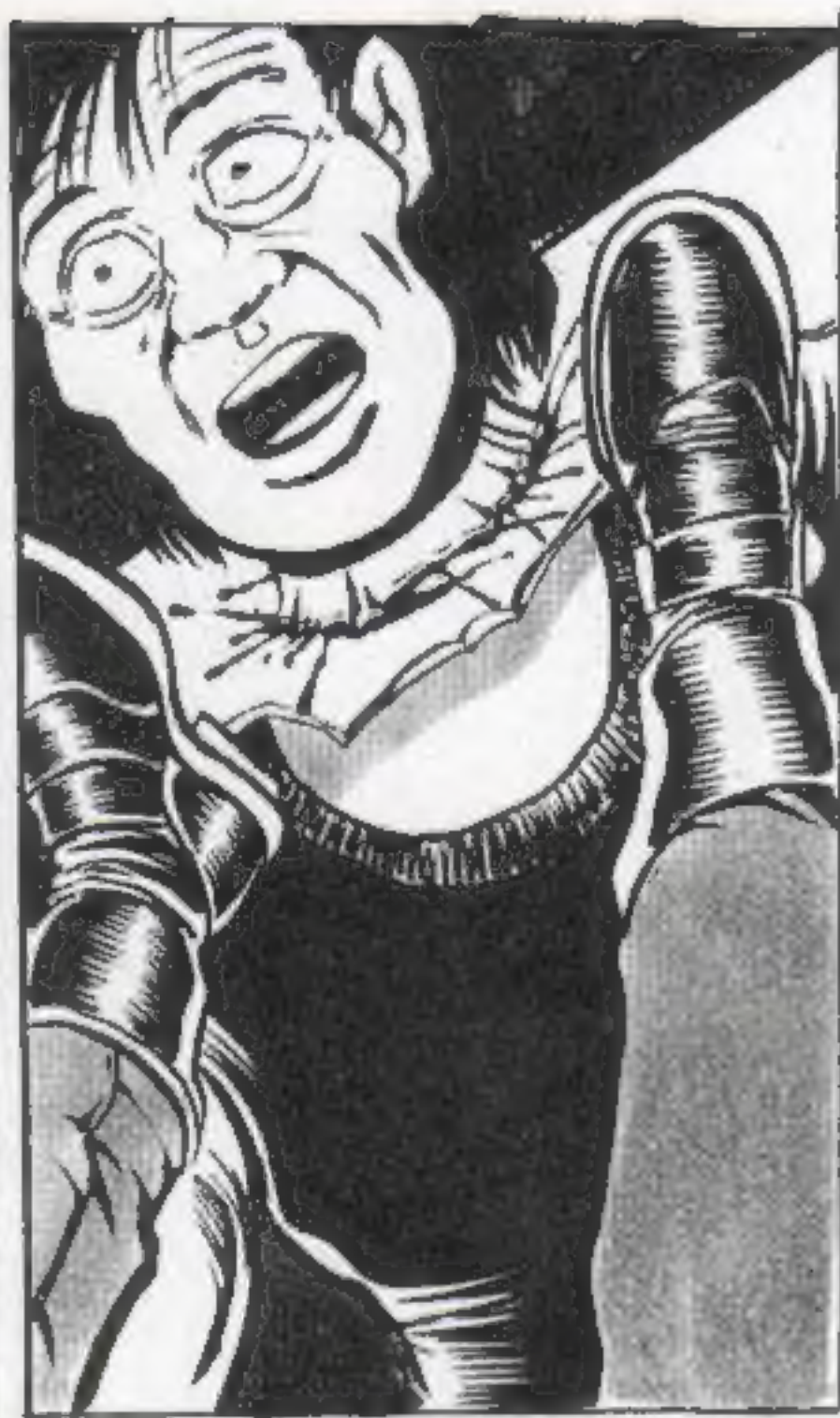
YET HE KNOWS HE MUST GO ON!



HELL O,
HUMAN







YES, BJORN...
SWIM. SWIM
YOUR BROKEN
AND BLEEDING
BODY TO
SAFETY.

AND ENJOY
A DAY OR
SO OF REST.



... BECAUSE
THEN I'M
COMING FOR
YOU TO END
IT ALL.



SPLASH!!

POP